

## PLEASANT READING FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Something About Mr. Abbey's Latest Musical Prodigy.  
Songs of the Fitcher and Catcher—Light Selections That May Amuse Old as Well as Youthful Readers.

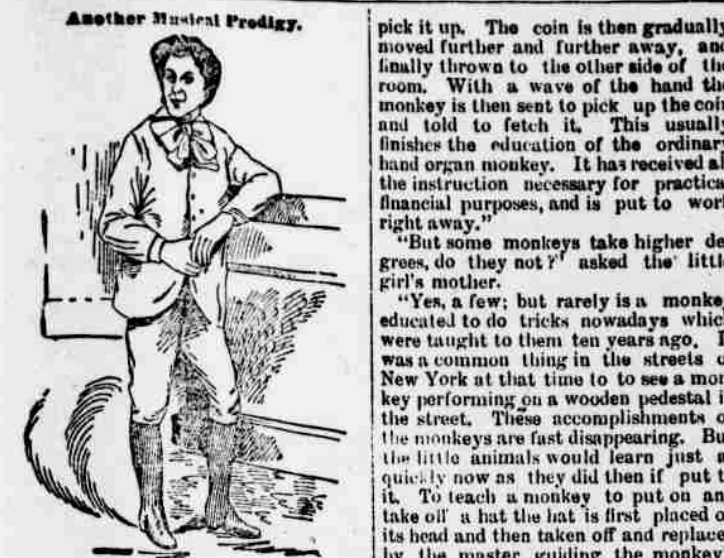


**Time of Ye Fitcher.**  
I stand in my box and the field survey,  
And I merrily smile on my own good men,  
And I glare at the hostile all.

**Time of Ye Catcher.**  
Three feet behind the plate I stand,  
And of tend I have no lack,  
With eight good men before my face,  
And a fence behind my back.

**Right gladly I pitch the whole game through,**  
With never a wild-throw ball,  
I have the good batter and bully the weak,  
And I paralyze them all.

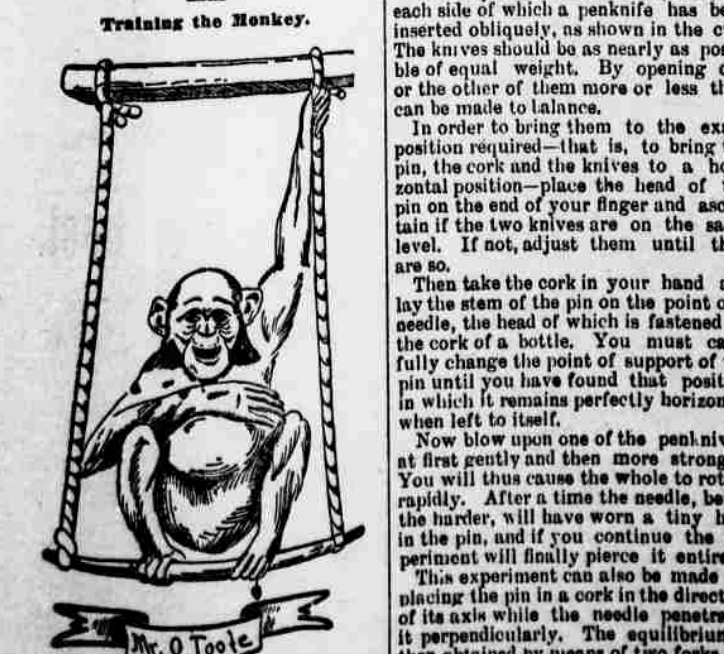
**I stand in my box with joy and pride,**  
And the people all can see  
That though we may not win the game,  
Yet there are no flies on me.



**Another Musical Prodigy.**  
It is doubtful whether Hoffman Abbey is going to bring the women of New York to the feet of Otto Hegner as they flocked to little Joe Hoffman. Despite the dowdy way in which Hoffman's parents dressed him, there was a childish charm and originality about him which Hegner seems to lack. Hegner is more of a boy of the world. The London seasons and a series of successful concerts on the Continent have almost brushed off the unrefined manners and absence of self-consciousness which young Hoffman so many hearts in New York. Hegner is nearly a year older than Hoffman (thirteen) and slightly smaller, though more than square set. He is dressed to perfection. Sometimes his concert room behavior is so demurely dignified that it is almost comical. London critics say that Hegner is a much better musician than Hoffman.

It is generally said that Otto Hegner is Swiss by birth. He was born in Germany. His parents were very poor. When the boy was six years old, some visitor to the German village discovered his talent for music. He was put under the tuition of Franz Erlicher, a pianist of local repute, and made wonderfully rapid progress. When he was eight years old Hans Huber, a celebrated Swiss composer, living at Bale, took charge of him and gave him a good musical education. He made him master of technique. The moment Otto began to attract attention by playing at concerts in Swiss villages his parents began to think about making money with him. When most of the boys of his age are on the rocking-horse Otto was aloft on the world as a full-fledged musical prodigy. He made a hit in London at once, playing the most difficult compositions with the aplomb and self-possession of a mature musician. The London papers said that he was the most wonderful boy pianist since Liszt.

Mr. Abbey does not care to say what he is paying Hegner to go to America, but he says that it is more than he paid Hoffman, whose contract was for eighty concerts for \$25,000. As Hoffman only played fifty-six concerts, he was only paid a proportionate share of the sum agreed upon. Hegner is going to give about the same number of concerts, but he will take more time about them. He expects to stay in America from next November until May, 1900. His share will be something like \$500 for each concert. Hegner's father travels with him, but his mother does not. In New York Mr. Abbey's people attributed much of the fuss that came about to Mrs. Hoffman. The Hoffmanns are building a new house in Fishkill, doing very well, through the munificence of little Joe's New York admirers. At last accounts the lad was not getting well very rapidly and is not likely to play in public again this year.



**How to Bore a Hole in a Pin.**  
Place a pin in the end of a cork, in each side of which a penknife has been inserted obliquely, as shown in the cut. The knives should be as nearly as possible of equal weight. By opening one or the other of them more or less they can be made to balance.

In order to bring them to the exact position required—that is, to bring the pin, the cork and the knives to a horizontal position—place the head of the pin on the end of your finger and ascertain if the two knives are on the same level. If not, adjust them until they are so.

Then take the cork in your hand and lay the stem of the pin on the point of a needle, the head of which is fastened in the cork of a bottle. You must carefully change the point of support of the pin until you have found that position in which it remains perfectly horizontal when left to itself.

Now blow upon one of the penknives, at first gently and then more strongly. You will thus cause the whole to rotate rapidly. After a time the needle, being the harder, will have worn a tiny hole in the pin, and if you continue the experiment will finally pierce it entirely.

This experiment can also be made by placing the pin in a cork in the direction of its axis while the needle penetrates it perpendicularly. The equilibrium is then obtained by means of two forks, as in the experiment of the egg.

**Mr. O Toole.**  
"But how is the monkey taught to fetch small articles?" asked a little Philadelphia girl, while watching the antics of Mr. O Toole, a local favorite of the ring-lion persuasion.

"A coin is placed in the monkey's hand," said the trainer. "If it drops the coin the monkey is rebuked and the coin put into his hand until, after repeated trials, the copper is retained. Each time this is done the master repeats a certain word in Italian which is the equivalent of the word 'fetch.' After the coin is retained the monkey will fetch it in his hand and will finally fetch it in his mouth. When this point is reached, the penny is laid before the monkey upon the floor, when the animal will

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Keep to Your Sphere—Every Wildman Has a Well in It.

Singer with the Lord Ismael Preaching in the Desert of Beersheba—A Magnetic Discourse.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. A vast congregation filled the spacious building, and the discourse was an exposition of scripture the pastor gave out the hymn beginning:

**Glorious to God on High.**  
The leaves and carols,  
Which the great body of worshippers sing  
With majestic effort. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "People Who Have Lost Their Way." He took for his text: "And God opened her eyes and saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink." Gen. xxi, 8. The eloquent preacher said:

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brick lad of 13 years, have become impatient and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot upon the very head of the boy, and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before him is long and that he will be very lonely and alone, says to his wife, "Pack up your things and go with me. I will be with you as long as I live, and you shall be as free as the wind."

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The searching now comes on. The air is stilling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ismael, the boy, begins to complain, and lies down, but Hagar rises him up, saying nothing about her own wearies or tiring labor, for she knows she can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the level of the desert, the boy and the girl are packing up their things, and when the wife is saying, "Pack up your things and go with me," what a change! Poor Hagar! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where he has spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of his heart—young Ismael.

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comb out the tangled locks of a woman of the street and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out of the sanctuary—do it, and you will find that the world is a better place than you think it is. Everlasting happiness is not in the sphere in which we are contented, but in the sphere in which we are wandering and exiled and desolated and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ismael.

Again I find in this oriental scene a lesson of spiritual truth. When she goes forth trading in the desert. What a great change it was for the Hagar. There was a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to sit on. Cup of donkey's milk. All these things are there. But now, when the boy and the girl are packing up their things, and when the wife is saying, "Pack up your things and go with me," what a change! Poor Hagar! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where he has spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of his heart—young Ismael.

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Three Lucky Chicagoans.  
Learning that several Chicago people had held winning numbers in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, a Transier representative was sent to learn what he could of the fortunate players. The first visit was paid to Mr. F. B. Baird, President of the American Buyer's Union, whose offices are in the Lakeside building. In response to the reporter's inquiry Mr. Baird said: "I held one-twentieth of ticket No. 33,947, which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000. The \$5,000 was paid to me through the American Express company a few days after the drawing. I have not often patronized the lottery and never with any success until now."

Mr. Baird congratulated Mr. Baird upon his good fortune the reporter with cheer and called upon Schwann & Neider, liquor dealers at 193 North Weis st., who it was reported had held one-twentieth of the same ticket. Mr. Neider said: "Yes, we received per United States Express company \$5,000, but the ticket was placed in our hands for collection by one of our customers, Mr. William Keller of Summit, Ill. The cash has been turned over to him, and I understand, has been divided among Mr. Keller and the others who were interested with him in the lucky transaction."

Mr. A. Adler, a dealer in gent's furnishings at 210 W. Madison street, was also one of the fortunate ones. He held one-twentieth of ticket No. 34,981, which drew the third capital prize of \$30,000, and the \$2,500 was collected through the banking house of Felsenfeld, Gross & Miller—Chicago (Ills.) Arkansas Traveler, June 8.

**DEAD COLORADO TOWNS.**  
Deserted Villages That Were Once Alive With a Bristling Population.  
The other day a representative of the Denver Republican went to the Rio Grande train when the brakeman yelled out in stentorian tones: "Clear!" On looking out of the window only two houses could be seen.

What a change time had wrought! In 1870 this same town was the largest for the largest place between Canon City and Leadville. Almost every conceivable branch of business was represented, and in most of them there was active competition. Houses were going up by the score, and the streets were crowded almost to the point of suffocation. Saloons were found in almost every block, and dance-halls were scattered about in profusion. But a month later the town concluded to move, and a few weeks later the majority of its residents had taken up their permanent abode in what is now the flourishing town of Salida.

Colorado has many places with a history something similar to that of Colorado, which by the way, was named in honor of the best of the Arkansas Valley. Miss Cleopatra B. Hollinsville, near Carleton, was a booming place in 1871, and town lots were at a premium. Hundreds of people were proud to call it their home, and it was thought to be founded upon rock. Every block was crowded with people, and the population had reached the four winds.

"How is that town of Loma on the Rio Grande River getting on?" said a gentleman yesterday who left the State in 1874. "I visited it just before I left the Territory, and I thought it would likely make a good place." Jack rabbits have been jumping through the few remaining adobe buildings for years.

Kit Carson had a population of almost 20,000 people in 1869, and the peculiarity about them was that the great majority of them resided in dugouts. When the railroad pushed on to Denver the following year, the residents of Kit Carson hurriedly packed up their belongings and moved to Denver.

Sunshine in 1870 had a population of several thousand, while today there is only a handful of people there. Buckskin Joe and Hall Valley in Park County, were once flourishing places, but about all that is left of them is a name. Weston tried to put on airs in 1873, at which time there were about 3,000 people there. The post-office still remains, as do one or two stores.

Along the old stage road between Leadville and Aspen, and between the headwaters of the Colorado and the Rio Grande, there are a few towns that were once thriving, but now are nothing more than ruins. In 1880 and for a few years thereafter, not a single soul was now living. Hundreds of deserted houses are standing tenantless, and some of them are quite pretentious. A newspaper was once published in the corporate limits of the city, and the arm of the Washington hand-press on which it was printed is now sticking out of the office window. The proprietor was too much disgusted to take it away.

There was great excitement at Bonanza in Saginaw county, Mich. in 1882. A daily paper was published there by W. B. McKinney, now of the Pueblo Press, and it was a good one, too. Everything boomed except the mines, and the tenderfoot pronounced it another Leadville. Four thousand people are supposed to have flocked to the town, and of all that number not a hundred now remain